"Some classrooms teach subjects. Mine taught me how to let go."

Lesson Left Unfinished is a poetry trilogy about rejection, change, and the lessons we never saw coming.

From the ache of being left behind, to the quiet arrival of hope, to the realization that every ending teaches us something—we all carry these lessons with us.

Some lessons stay. Even when the class is over.

LESSON LEFT UNFINISHED — A POETRY TRILOGY

PRABIN

LESSON LEFT UNFINISHED

A POETRY TRILOGY

Three poems.
Three lessons.
One story we all remember.

PRABIN

Lesson Left Unfinished

The Story of Same Classroom

A Poetry Trilogy

by
(Prabin)

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Lesson Left Unfinished
The Story of Some Classroom
A Poetry Trilogy

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"Every ending leaves a lesson. Every lesson begins with a page."

Dedication

For everyone who has ever looked back at a classroom and remembered more than a lesson.

Preface

Every classroom teaches something.

Some teach mathematics.

Some teach science.

Mine taught me love .

Lesson Left Unfinished is not just a story of rejection. It is a story about growing up, letting go, and discovering that some places remember us long after we leave them.

These poems were written by a student trying to understand feelings that conversations could never fully explain. They are not perfect, because neither was the person who wrote them. They were never meant to be flawless; they were meant to be honest.

If these poem remind you of an old classroom, an unfinished conversation, or a version of yourself you've left behind, or untold feelings, or someone you love but still can't be with them, then this trilogy has found its reader.

If, while reading, you remember a classroom you once sat in, something dear to you, then this trilogy has found its purpose.

— ***(Prabin)***

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Part I — *Your Rejection*

"Every beginning carries the fear of an ending."

Your Rejection

Those empty benches still think of you

The rain smells like you

Even the wind misses your hair

Sunlight tries to kiss your forehead

That desk is still waiting

your name became my poem

And your voice taught my words to speak

Those windows are still waiting for you

The Cup of tea grew lonely

The Classroom began to haunt me

Every page remembered you

Your rejection

Left me words

For me to write

I wrote until the night surrendered.

Then came a morning—

Part II — *What a Morning*

"The morning arrived before my heart was ready."

What a Morning

What a morning this is,
It's time to hide what's gone,
And ask for a new boon.

Remembering all my past days,
Forgetting all the things I blamed
Trying too hard to blend in,
And still wanting to stay.

Watching the rising sun,
Feeling the gap within my heart,
And I still want my dreams to be right,
As if my dream has reached new heights.

Ohh! What a morning this is—
A time to leave past mistake behind,
To hide the memories of yesterday,
And ask for something new to find.

Yet here I stand beneath the morning,
Still trying to be kind

Part III — *The Last Lesson*

"I left the classroom, but the lesson remained."

THE LAST LESSON

The classroom learned my silence

Same benches, different world

Desks were full of torn pages

The wind flipped the pages.

Rain carried the smell of old notebooks.

Sunlight touched the fading paint on the wall.

The open door waited for footsteps that never came.

The half-open window kept waiting.

Tea grew colder before the bell rang.

The fan learned to argue with silence.

Old pages kept turning,

Though no one remained to read

Dust still remembered yesterday.

Hands kept moving,

But the days chose to remain the same.

The old carvings stayed.

Beside them, someone carved a new name.

The Marker finally found another hand

...l smiled

The bell rang.

This time, I walked away

Acknowledgements

This book was written over many ordinary days, in classrooms, quiet mornings, and moments that often went unnoticed.

Thank you to every teacher, friend, and memory that unknowingly became a part of these pages.

To every classroom that taught lessons beyond textbooks.

And finally, thank you to every reader who chooses to spend their time with these poems.

— **(Prabin)**

About the Author

Prabin is a student from Nepal and an emerging poet whose writing explores memory, change, and the emotions that often remain unspoken. Inspired by ordinary places and everyday moments, he finds meaning in classrooms, quiet mornings, and the small details people often overlook.

He writes because writing allows him to express the thoughts and feelings that are difficult to say aloud. *Lesson Left Unfinished* is his debut poetry trilogy and marks the beginning of his journey as a poet.

He hopes these poems remind readers that, sometimes, the most meaningful lessons are the ones that were never taught.

— Prabin
Nepal

Connect with the Author

Thank you for reading **Lesson Left Unfinished**.

If these poems reminded you of your own story, I'd love to hear from you.

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